

SAYS
THE EDITORJUST A BIT TOO DELICATE
IS OUR REACTION

Apparently the Monterey Peninsula *Herald* is anticipating the swing-back of the pendulum. It sees a moral wave in the offing, sweeping us back to the Victorian days and thoughts, or suppression of thoughts. In its Associated Press story about Samuel G. Blythe's derogatory opinion of *hors d'oeuvres*, the writer is quoted as saying: "I don't eat the — things, anyway." Now, that's delicate, and perhaps we should thank the *Herald* for it. It proves itself worthy to enter Carmel homes. Sam Blythe just can't get away with language like that—not in the *Herald*, anyway. Mr. Griffin is dashed if he can.

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BUSINESS ASSOCIATION MAKES
GOOD MOVE IN BEACH
CLEANING IDEA

We are beginning to point with pride at our Carmel Business Association. If we must have one, it is desirable that it do something worth while. It appears so to be doing. The idea of clearing refuse off the beach is a good one, and the further plan of the organization to ask the city council for regular cleaning down there is a good one. We are not among those who think that the beach should be spandy clean. We like the seaweed straggling about on it, and such like. But we do object to the beer cans, newspapers and sundry remains of lunches. If we can't catch the people who leave these about, and put them in jail for from one to 99 years, we can clean up after them and get something of the same result.

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CARMEL SHOCKED BY WHAT
HAS HAPPENED TO YVONNE
NAVAS-REY

Much of Carmel, those of us who have known Yvonne K. Navas-Rey for many years, are saddened by her arrest the past week and aroused by her sentence to the Tehachapi state prison. We note in the public press that she was sentenced to from one to ten years in the prison and that "physicians appointed to test her sanity reported to the court that she is sane".

It has been said pretty generally about town since the unhappy occurrence that if Mrs. Navas-Rey is sane, then the rest of us are looney. No one, of course, could consider her a raving maniac, or anything of that sort, but those who have known her, and whom she wanted to consider her friends, have noticed more and more the past year that her mind has not been lying completely level. She has had for some time a persecution complex and she has aired her grievances at considerable length to all who would listen to her. She has felt that she was never given an opportunity to earn her living by employing the rare education which is hers. The nearest approach to giving her some satisfaction in the work she was doing for just enough to live on was when she was on the writers' project here. On Dr. Ferdinand Haasis' staff she labored long and conscientiously and it cannot be said that the results were complete failures. She uncovered reams of facts about the Peninsula and old residents long since gone. She enjoyed the work, and the closing down of the project, forcing her on the sewing project, was a blow that proba-

(Continued on Page Two)

CARMEL CYMBAL

VOL. 6 - NO. 18

CARMEL, CALIFORNIA - APRIL 30, 1937

5 CENTS

MRS. WATSON
CANDIDATE
FOR SCHOOL
TRUSTEE

We learn with regret that Mrs. Helen Levinson, who has done such fine work on the Board of Trustees for Sunset School, is resigning this year. It is the moment to express to her the sincere gratitude of all who have the interests of the school at heart. She has done splendid service.

Fortunately the vacancy on the Board, which might have been difficult to fill after such a trustee as Mrs. Levinson, has already a candidate well-qualified for the work. This is Mrs. Eugene Watson, who after much persuasion by friends of the school has consented to run for the position. No one could be better equipped for just this work. Mrs. Watson is one of the most enthusiastic and efficient workers Sunset School has ever had. She has three children there, and although it is to her own interest to help maintain its fine standard, she is impersonally interested in education in general. Her early training in Library Science has given her a foundation of efficiency which is evident in all she undertakes.

As past president of the P.T.A. Mrs. Watson's capabilities are well known. She has that rare combination of values, a progressive outlook, based on a sound and practical conservatism. We consider ourselves very fortunate indeed to have secured her consent to run for the Board of Trustees. —D. H.

+ + +
VERNE REGAN DOING WELL
WITH P. O. PETITION

Verne Regan has been doing right well with her post office petition. Rather well, we collect, than other petitioners hereabouts. Of the 1000 signatures which are her goal, she had last night some over 600. She says the business men are especially eager to get a place where Ed Ewig can squeeze by Claribel Zuck; or even where three of our well-fed and contented citizenry can all get their mail on the same day.

The preamble to the petition avers that this cubby hole annex to the Cut Rate Drug Store distributes mail to 5000 persons. It can't be, paw. And it ain't funny, McGee.

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CHARLES WARREN STODDARD
HONORED IN MONTEREY

Captain J. Shelburn Robison, president of the Carmel Business Association, was chairman of arrangements for the Monterey History and Art Association ceremonies last Saturday.

Saturday was the anniversary of the death of Charles Warren Stoddard, writer and former resident of Monterey. The weather-beaten green-painted house where Stoddard lived and wrote is kept as a landmark by the owners and is marked by the Association. Further to honor his memory a tree was planted Saturday on his grave in the old Catholic cemetery.

+ + +
Mrs. Haller Campbell of Seattle has taken "After All" cottage on Camino and 11th for the summer.

Grocery Stores and Dress Shops Race
For Numerical Supremacy in Carmel

With the arrival of A. W. Simpson to take charge of the Purity Store as the new manager, the grocery gossip and reports have started circulating again.

As things now appear in the rumors and some facts, it looks as though there is to be a race in Carmel as to which shall lead the race in the number of representative stores—the dress shops or the grocery purveyors.

We now know that there will be a new grocery in the new Leidig building at San Carlos and Ocean, and it is reported on good authority that the retiring manager of the Purity has the urge to go into business for himself. It is said that he is endeavoring to make a dicker with C. H. Weaver to take the half of his meat market now occupied

temporarily by Don Staniford's drug store.

As for dress shops, a new one is going into the Ewig building, recently vacated by Malcolm Macbeth, between San Carlos and Mission on Ocean avenue, sharing the building with Claribel Zuck, real estate. Then, Helen Vye proposes to open a dress shop in the new Dummage building to be erected at Lincoln and Ocean.

Work has been stopped for ten days or more on the Wermuth building reconstruction to make it ready for the Purity Store's move. It is understood, however, that this is caused by the fact that the Purity has its own gang of men for the installation of shelves and general furnishings and they have been busy on another job, but are expected soon.

MAYOR SMITH GIVES TALK
ON MONTEREY PINES

Carmel's mayor and forestry expert, Everett Smith, spoke before the Exchange Club in Monterey Tuesday on the habits of the Monterey pines. Smith believes that the Monterey pine is native to this coast and did not come from Japan as some authorities think. All the cypress trees on the Peninsula are from the original groves at Point Lobos and Cypress Point, he contends. A difference in soil and atmospheric conditions in Australia causes seedlings transported there from this region to grow considerably higher.

+ + +
GIRL SCOUTS TO HAVE
SWIM HOLE AT CAMP

The Girl Scouts are to have an ol' swimmin' hole at Camp this summer! Perhaps the only drawback to the big camp down at Corral de Tierra has been the lack of a place to swim. And a real drawback that is! Now it has been discovered that a little dredging will provide them with a place deep enough for a good swim. No diving, but who wants to dive, anyhow. Seahorses don't.

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The Golden Bough Room of the Blue Bird was the scene of a surprise party for Happy Whyte yesterday afternoon at 1:30, given by Sammy Sierka. Mrs. Sierka's guests were Mrs. Libby Ley, Mrs. Margarette Yates, Mrs. Bonnie Cockburn, Mrs. William McAdams, Mrs. Linda Cooke-Ley, Mrs. Mabel C. Sampson, Mrs. Doris Kistler, Mrs. Sally McCreery, and Mary Whelen. A happy surprise for Happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Shand will be back in Carmel soon. They have been spending the past several weeks in a ranch hotel in Victorville, California.

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Friends of the Bruce Arisses of Pacific Grove will be interested in knowing that Jean (Mrs. Ariss) and Barney (Bruce III) are home from Napa where Bruce III came into this world on February 15. Ariss is dividing his time working on his new house, painting a mural for the Pacific Grove High School with August Gay, and playing with the new infant.

BUSINESS MEN
URGE REGULAR
CLEANING OF
BEACH

Carmel Business Association, following its first move of clearing up the beach and sand dunes by employing the energetic efforts of 35 Cubs from Sunset School, will request the city for a regular man for this job. The matter is in the hands of Harold Nielsen, chairman of the committee of the organization under whose consideration such things come.

It is planned to present a plea to the council at its next meeting, asking that some sort of regular cleaning-up be done as a function of the municipality.

Yesterday, the Cubs, under the leadership of Franklin Dixon, and directed by Boy Scouts, scoured the sand dunes and the beach and gathered an unbelievably large amount of rubbish which they stacked up and which was carted away. The boy who gathered the largest pile was to be guest of honor at a picnic to be held shortly.

It has been discovered through perusal of law books that the city is responsible for any injuries suffered on the beach through the presence of broken glass, or any other sharp material. It is, the law says, if it knows of its existence. It wouldn't be difficult to keep the city somewhat on the spot right along by making reports of broken glass, and then sitting back and seeing what is done about it.

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Building Permits
Now \$40,868
In April

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Among social events slated for the new Carmel fire house will be a card party Thursday evening, May 13. The money raised by this entertainment will go toward furnishing the fire house kitchen.

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bly further unbalanced her. Her recent announcement that she was engaged to marry the son of an Indian chief; the use of her home for immoral purposes, under technical interpretations of the law, and the something more than suspicious that she was about to engage herself in contributing to juvenile delinquency, if she had not already started to do so, form a combination of mental instability that cannot be denied.

But it is a pity that she was sent to prison; an institution for mental cases is the place for Mrs. Navas-Rey.

—W. K. B.

CARMEL CAPERS

Aiming, as we do, toward absolute veracity in these columns, we feel that having spent the greater part of last week in San Francisco, we are unqualified to report on the activities of the unregenerate element of our beloved Carmel.

Therefore, we have allowed our imagination free reign and have proceeded to write a column consisting of the most improbable events that could possibly have transpired during our absence.

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There was a big convention of automobile dealers at Del Monte but no drinks were served as every one was on the water wagon.

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Some one known to us all won the \$500 cash prize on Bank Night.

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Freddie Godwin addressed the communist meeting at La Playa Hotel.

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Duke Nye gave a party which was well attended, everyone being required to wear full dress.

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Malcolm E. Macbeth officiated at the meeting of the W.C.T.U. in the Del Monte Tap Room.

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Joe Catherwood suddenly concluded that putting ice down people's necks is possibly not the epitome of sophisticated humor.

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Chief Norton was apprehended for entering a local bar attired in nothing but bathing shorts and his Sam Browne belt.

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Bill McAdams said, "I know it's Saturday night and there's a big party going on, but I think I'll go home and catch up on my sleep."

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Nobody knew Elmer Cox was there because he sat quietly in a corner and didn't speak above a whisper.

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Dave Davis caught a 200-pound wild boar but neglected to mention the fact to any of his friends—"Just forget it," he explained.

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A lily-white visitor from San Francisco said, "You know I never sunburn"—and didn't.

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We wrote a perfectly sensational column, on the strength of which Mr. Hearst hired us to take over Winchell's job and pay.

—LIBBY LEY

Dane Rudhyar's New Volume of Deep Interest

One of the new books which will be of particular interest to Carmel readers is "The Astrology of Personality" by Dane Rudhyar, who will be remembered for his fine series of talks and piano-recitals here some years ago.

Although best known by his contributions to the "New Music," Rudhyar is also a writer and philosopher of considerable standing. He has published many original treatises on art and civilization, and in his new book pursues still further his philosophy of integration.

Of late years, Astrology has claimed his attention and his articles have appeared in the principal astrological magazines. He seeks to re-establish Astrology as an exact science and to strip away the charlatanism which hides its truths and which so antagonizes reasonable minds. How far he has succeeded is evident in the present book.

"By defining astrology as the 'algebra of life' we place it in the category of mathematical thought—and not in that of empirical sciences. The results of such a conception are far-reaching." With this idea for the plan of the structure, Rudhyar builds a most concise and convincing argument for the re-establishment of an ancient science which has fallen from grace. Even the reader to whom astrology is nothing more than "wishful thinking" and at most a field of interesting possibilities, will find much to claim his attention in these pages. It goes without saying that the astrologer, already convinced of the main thesis of the work, will have further vistas opened to him and will be stimulated to creative thinking by contact with a rich mind.

The theory of integration which is the keynote of Rudhyar's philosophy forms a practical basis for the understanding of life and the perception of the laws governing the universe. Not only is it an underlying law to be discovered, but it is also a plan for the conscious labor of civilized beings. Without this conception of wholes, or of the laws of "operative wholeness" we must continue to blunder and become lost in a maze of multiplicity. Rudhyar seeks to familiarize the mind with its relationships to the cosmos as a whole, and if the insistence in this book is on the laws governing man's life from a celestial direction, it is because he feels that this is the aspect too much neglected by the earth-bound consciousness.

—D. H.

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—LIBBY LEY

WHITE CAPS

ON THE RADIO WAVES

KSFO: This evening at 6 o'clock.

Pierre Monteux conducting the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra.

KSFO: Tomorrow morning at 7:30 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory.

KPO: Tomorrow morning at 8 o'clock. Abram Chasins, pianist.

KPO: Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. Magic Key Program.

KSFO: Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. Everybody's Music with Howard Barlow conducting the Columbia Orchestra.

KSFO: Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock. Columbia Workshop. Not music, but a very worthwhile program.

KGO: Sunday at 4 o'clock. General Motors Promenade program.

KSFO: Sunday at 5 o'clock. Ford Sunday evening hour.

KGO: Wednesday evening at 6 o'clock. Dr. Frank Black's String Symphony Orchestra.

KPO: Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock. Standard Symphony.

With due consideration of our readers we have decided to discontinue this column for the summer. There is not now enough on the radio, which we can predict a week in advance. From time to time, as we hear of special broadcasts, we will publish them throughout the summer. So, until September 24, or such time as the programs begin to pick up again, WHITE CAPS will be out.

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Radiana Pazmor Sings Tomorrow At Highlands

Radiana Pazmor, dramatic soprano, soloist with last year's Bach Festival, will give a song recital at Frank Wickman's Studio, Carmel Highlands, tomorrow evening at 8:30 o'clock. Laura Dierssen is sponsoring the concert which will be for the benefit of the soloist.

Miss Pazmor, who plays her own accompaniment, will sing songs of Schubert, Schumann, Strauss, Debussy, Hahn, Wolff and Tchaikovsky. Refreshments will be served after the program.

Tickets may be obtained by calling Miss Dierssen at Carmel 776.

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LEGION TEA WILL AID SCHUMANN-HEINK MEMORIAL FUND

Members of the Women's Auxiliary of the Carmel American Legion Post are giving a tea Sunday, May 2, at the Legion Clubhouse for the benefit of a Schumann-Heink Memorial sponsored by all veteran organizations. The tea will be held from four to seven with a charge of 25 cents. The public is urged and invited to attend.

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Sunset School Host to Parents Who Visit in Public School Week

As a climax in the observance of Public School Week in California, Sunset School presented an entertainment in the Auditorium Tuesday night. Every seat was taken and many had to stand. The program opened with a talk on why we have Public School Week, by Ralph Zuck, Master of the Carmel Masonic Lodge, followed by an address of welcome by Otto Bardson, Principal of Sunset.

The school orchestra, under the amazingly able direction of Madeleine Curry, gave several numbers, which were remarkable for the precision with which they were played and the fine attacks, due to the fact that the young musicians watched their director constantly.

With their teacher, Miss Hope Thomas, at the piano, the Kindergarten, in colorful red and blue costumes topped by high soldier hats, showed what the five-year-olds could do in the way of an orchestra, playing the Parade of the Wooden Soldiers. Their instruments may not have been as complicated nor as large, but their enthusiasm left nothing to be desired, and the diminutive child conductor kept beautiful time.

The old shoe belonging to the old woman who is said to have had "so many children she didn't know what to do" formed the setting for the chorus of children who sang nursery rhymes while others acted them out.

Folk dances by some of the girls from the upper grades were enjoyed by the audience and the girls seemed to have a joyous time doing them.

The verse choir, directed by Mrs. Frances Johnson, was effective, and Miss Curry's A Capella choir and her boys' group showed what fine direction and long training can do. Particularly worthy of praise was the familiar "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

As a whole, this program was outstanding. We believe one would have to go far to find another school that could put on anything half as artistic and satisfactory as was this.

All of the rooms were open with displays of the children's work and an exhibition of drawings, paint-

ings, pottery, woodwork and hobbies attracted large crowds in the lunch room.

—M. R. S.

TRI-COUNTY ART TEACHERS VISIT CARMEL TOMORROW

Group of Tri-County art teachers will be in Carmel tomorrow, under the guidance of Louis Amyx, art instructor at Salinas Junior College and Salinas High School. They will picnic somewhere about Carmel and plan to attend the Federal Art Gallery in the afternoon. Burton Boundey, supervisor of the Monterey County Federal Art Project, has arranged to speak to them about the work of the local and state art projects as well as the background of the national organization.

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Shades of Hamlet! Heron Slips Up on Bard's Birthday

What with those trick hats he wears, and the weird hours he establishes for his trade in books, Bert Heron gets entirely too much unearned publicity. Something should be done about it. It's not genuine whimsicality on which he thrives, commercially and personally. Take for instance, this matter of closing his bookshop on Shakespeare's birthday. Last year he did it, with a notice on his door for all to see, marvel at, smile about and guffaw over. Bert stuck up his chin and claimed credit for sincerity in the matter. His love for Shakespeare passed all understanding, etc. We believed him, fools that we are.

Last Saturday we met him in the early sunshine hours. "Closing shop this year on Shakespeare's birthday?" we asked, and drew forth the book to make a note of it. We made a note, all right, but it was this, to be here recorded:

Bert hesitated. His confident expression changed to puzzlement. He thought a minute. Then his face fell, clear to the sidewalk.

The anniversary of Shakespeare's birth was the day previous. Heron had forgotten it. His shop had remained open—as long as it generally remains open.

The fourflusher. Shakespeare's birthday doesn't mean any more to Heron than Horace Greeley's does to us. Pretty soon we'll have these Bert Heron colored feathers all plucked and he'll stand as naked as a catfish.

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WE DO OUR SHORTS TO UPHOLD TRADITION

The other day it was our pleasure to uphold one of the Carmel traditions. Walking along Ocean avenue, reading our mail, we came up behind one of those nice old couples just in from the country to see the sights. Before turning the next corner, we heard the old gentleman say, apologetically: "Well, Ma, they used to be a heap o' crazy lookin' folks here. Maybe they ain't any artists any more." "Humph. All look like everyday folks to me, Pa. Mebbe not so bright as at home, that's all."

We did feel no end sorry for poor old Pa, who had come to show the old lady the wicked ways of the world of art.

An hour or so later we came face to face with them over on Dolores street. It was a warm day and we were wearing our shorts. Ma passed us with a glance. But Pa stopped dead still in our path. "There, what did I tell you!" he said with triumph. "Do you see what I see, Mother?"

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ETHEL WARREN HOSTESS AT ART CLUBHOUSE

Ethel Warren, curator of the Carmel Art Association Gallery, was hostess to a group of friends in the Gallery clubhouse last Friday evening. Guests were invited to wear old clothes, and bring pillows to sit on the floor. A partition torn down and a new coat of whitewash plus a bit of artistic effort in hanging some bright orange curtains has turned the old "shack" into a clubhouse and with a small group as a nucleus it is hoped to start things going in a social way there. Janie and Clay Otto, Bill Kneass, Catherine and George Seideneck, and Remo and Virginia Scardigli gulped tall cool ones and nibbled on sandwiches from their various and sundry perches and talked the night away.

—V. S.
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Dr. Evelyn Ott Makes Stimulating Talk Before Psychology Group

Probably no experience is so valuable as the accident of having a recognizably superior person comes suddenly across your horizon. The tonic and challenging effect this has of throwing your own shortcomings on a bright and lucid screen is incalculable. Dr. Evelyn Ott is such a person. The impact of her outward personality alone is immediately stimulating. The conviction of her perspicuity and authority make it a real event to meet her.

Dr. Ott spoke to Catherine Nelson's psychology group on Monday night on the Jung classification of Psychological Types. What she said was valuable to, and understandable by, the laity.

The first part of her talk she devoted to clearing up some misapprehensions about the terms "introvert" and "extrovert." That an "extrovert" tends to be attracted to objects and the contemplation and enumeration of things; and the "introvert" to be primarily concerned with the meaning and implications of things, was made vividly clear. One of her aims in discussing this subject was to try to get the idea of introverted people being necessarily morbid people, out of our minds. A materialistic civilization puts a premium on extroversion, she says. It is

when we can all adjust ourselves to the tendency within us, whichever it is—and Jung thinks we all belong on one side of the fence or the other—without prejudice to one as against the other, that we shall then be functioning in our own predisposed fashion and things will be better all 'round.

When Dr. Ott got into the further subdivisions—rational and irrational types—under which came thinking, feeling, intuition and sensation folk, we realized that she, herself, didn't get all this erudition in one short lecture and that if, as one member of the group indicated, a point or two eluded some of us a little in all its matter, we had better go and work hard for a decade or so ourselves. The value of having such a person in our community—or anywhere, for that matter—is just that stimulation. The feeling of ignorance and humility, purging ourselves of our little vanities, makes us feel how much there is to know and that we'd better get busy about it.

Dr. Ott is conducting a small private practice here. Personally, we are trying hard to figure how we can budget ourself for a car, a cat and a complete nervous breakdown.

—L. S.

Anatole Litvak, Miriam Hopkins Escort, Proves Good Shopper for Carmel

We have been hot on the trail of a very distinguished-looking gentleman in a handsome overcoat and navy blue keds, who bought himself a carload of soft woven stuff at the Fraser Hand Loom place this week. Just to give you the inside workings of this business of collecting your personal news we will relate our many channels of approach. First Mrs. Fraser and Jessie Brown worked on him and found out that his name was Litvak and that he was staying at Del Monte Lodge. We got a little off the track by thinking that he was married to the star of the San Francisco production of "Tovarich", Eugenie Leontovich, so that when we called the Lodge to find out Mr. Litvak's first name (which is Anatole) and also asked if his wife were with him, we got a startled: "Mr. Litvak isn't married. He was here with Miriam Hopkins."

We also got the information that

WE CATCH NO FISH, BUT GET CAUGHT BY SEAGULL

With the fishing season opening tomorrow it seems in line to tell of a little fishing trip which we took last Saturday in the Monterey Bay just out from the Hopkins Marine Station. The trip was not successful. It was practically uneventful. We didn't catch any fish (ruining our fond belief that you can catch fish any time and anywhere in the bay). We didn't even get a nibble. We got excited when we had to change the bait and we rowed up and down trying our luck to no avail. So we started tossing our nice fresh bait to the pelicans and seagulls. Then it happened. We all three got hit by one seagull. A copy of last week's CYMBAL got hit, too. (We can't seem to stop reading that paper even on a fishing trip.) At least it was something that we all got hit. We couldn't laugh at the other fellow. Not even THE CYMBAL could laugh at us.

—V. S.

Here this week to look over summer accommodations were Mrs. L. B. Griffitts and her daughter from Stockton.

Gustav Riherd To Be Heard Here

Gustav Riherd, pianist, pupil of Harold Bauer, will make his first concert appearance on the Monterey Peninsula when he plays for the Musical Arts Club on Tuesday, May 4, at 8 o'clock in the evening. Riherd, a good friend of Mme. Borghild Janson, chairman of the program committee, is a graduate of the Cincinnati Music Conservatory and has studied with many private masters of his instrument.

The program to be presented will include the Sonata, Opus 53 by Beethoven, a group of four Chopin numbers, William Grant Still's "Dark Horseman" and "Slumberland," two preludes by Wompa and the Liszt "Legende."

Members of the Musical Arts Club may bring friends to the concert which will be held at the Monterey Peninsula Country Club.

Riherd's wife, Olive Hyatt, young lyric soprano, who has studied with Mme. Janson for four years and has appeared with several opera groups, will share part of the program with her husband. She will sing "Del vieni, non tarder" of Mozart, "Der Traum" by Rubenstein, Wolff's "Verborgenheit," and "Zuneigung" by Strauss, to be followed by four English songs by Sullivan, Griffes, Rachmaninoff and Graham Peel.

Miss Hyatt recently made a tour with the Hancock Ensemble string quartet and sang in one of Behrman's matinee concerts at the Barber Brothers.

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YOU GET GULPY LOOKING AT MISS WHITE'S ROSES

We got sort of gulpy walking along Ocean avenue in the rain last Monday. We have never seen anything quite so lovely as the yellow roses on that gleaming yellow roof of Elizabeth McClung White's little place. Tuesday, with the sun shining, we went out into the little

garden in the back of her office. You can see it on through when you pass by the front door. A tiny-leafed, green carpet, ferns and primroses, climbing vines and bushes and a little pool and a Carmel stone seat take up a space no bigger than that extra store room you aren't using.

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Miss Frances Roy, who has been staying at Wilson No. 2 cottage in Carmel, has returned to her home in Sausalito.

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W. K. BASSETT, Editor

VOL. 6 NO. 18
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**Girl Scouts Lucky
To Have Petaga**

We meet Petaga.

When the last period is affixed to this chit, the week's work will be in the mothering limbo of time and the shift key raised to begin on the race toward next Friday. Before this happens, we should like to put in a request to whatever gods do shape our extremities. A call for a whole weekful of little, mousy sort of fleabitten women. Women whom life has flagellated to a pulp—to any kind of bitter inarticulate mass. For this week has been swollen out like a great gorgeous balloon by two vital females; Dr. Ott, whom we have mentioned elsewhere; and now Petaga who is, at this moment, sitting in the Girl Scout House, opening up new worlds. It's wonderful, but enervating, to have to keep every pore open all the time, listening.

Petaga, who has a real name like Mrs. Elizabeth Price, is Regional Nature Adviser for the Girl Scouts. To her, "life is a glorious cycle of song, medley of extemporanea". And this extemporaneity which she finds so thrillingly all about her in nature, she manages to communicate to whomever she is with.

Give her a field—or a flower, a tendril or a bird track—and she throws life into high and skims the top from it. She says you can't thrill another until you are thrilled yourself, and she looked right straight at us and we quivered.

On Saturday she will take the Scouts of the Peninsula on a hike. This is something all Girl Scouts in the West look eagerly toward—one of Petaga's hikes. You don't go far. But you go a long, long distance away—up bean stalks, and into the great dark caves made by ants and such. There was a little woman who lived in her back yard in Massachusetts and wrote poetry. She never went outside. She wrote, once, "To make a prairie, it takes a clover and a bee." Petaga goes lots of places and perhaps her poetry is written in her heart, lying on the ground like Rêaumur, and watching an ant. But we could plainly hear the rhythm of it.

+++

Jim and Grace Thoburn returned Monday from a grand vacation at the Thoburn ranch in Sonora. They have horses and cattle on the ranch and Jim says they had grand weather all the time and he picked up a nice rosy sunburn to show for it. Coming home they ran into some bad weather and were blocked by snow and running water just above Pinecrest. They got in town just in time to enjoy some of our nice wet rain which we had early this week.

CLANGING CYMBALS



To our marvelous astonishment, we are being martyred or something. At any rate, someone is almost nightly hurling stones at our house. Large stones, at two A. M. or so. Ker-bong—like that—and another rock has landed against our wall; we are upright in bed, clutching the wrong end of our gun; and our spine, now a thin gelatinous, ectoplasmic mass is skittering away into a corner.

Now, this stone throwing puts us right into the class of a few of the major saints and an unaccountable number of sinners. As for the saintliness, we readily claim that; it is only our just due that we should be stoned in the large name of Justice and for the Cause of Wearing our Shorts on Ocean avenue. But if someone is stoning us for a sinner, we should like to be advised as to the nature of our sin, so that we, too, may enjoy ourselves. We are currently working much too hard to indulge in the brief but satisfying iniquity of throwing stones at people's houses.

Someone has suggested that we may have been mistaken for Libby. Another, that we are perhaps engaged in some such subversive and painstaking activity as a contemplated march on Washington, the beheading of Jim Farley and a morganatic marriage with the President. These possibilities must not be entirely overlooked, we grant. But we, personally, hold to the shorts theory. There you have the passion requisite to such measures. Well, here we stand, then, with our breast bared to the stones—which is one step farther toward the moral turpitude of nudity than otherwise we should ever have thought of going.

+

Mr. Allen Griffin:

A kind of spheroidal question you printed in Tuesday's *Herald*, caught our eye. This one: "Can democracy defend itself only by defending those whose final purpose is its destruction?"

We have no comment to make on the query. The only reason we mention it at all is that it brought to our mind—for no reason we can determine—something that James Truslow Adams wrote, we think in his lucid earlier period. This: "Democracy has yet to prove whether it is any more capable than theocracy or monarchy of the sustained moral effort necessary to maintain the balance between rights and duties, so as to preserve and enlarge the rights of the individual."

Maybe that doesn't mean a stynking thinge. We are very silly that way.

+

YOUNG-MEN-ABOUT-THE-AVENUE

There has just come to our hand—how, is a mighty great mystery to us—a book entitled, "What Every Man Should Know." Yes, Bill McAdams, we're sure you have already read the other one. And your mother will set you right on any points still moot in your mind. At least, she seems quite competent to.

This is another book. It was got up by a vice dean, we think, of one of our institutions of higher learning. (You remember the Vice dean at the Law School, Bill.) And it is designed to give you men in circulation a few hints about avoiding embarrassing situations. Being an Older Woman, there is nothing that

makes us sadder than to see our young friends and dumb animals getting into embarrassing situations. So we graciously pass on a few of these tidbits of sagacity.

Such as:

"No man should keep a pipe in his mouth when he lifts his hat to a woman." Of course, that word 'woman' is pretty inclusive. In our day, the word 'lady' was in common use, but we have it on good authority that the word got lost under a pile of manuscripts on Inbreeding. But this may be, as Mr. Lytton Strachey would say, only the "dialectical splitting of dogmatical hairs," and have no bearing on the subject at all. Being only every other inch a lady ourself, (as a friend fondly characterized us) you can keep your old pipe in your mouth for all we care. You can even spit on us if you feel like it, and we will, in turn, spit on the Vice Dean.

"When you enter an office, place your hat in an inconspicuous place. And remember where." Well, boys, this sounds to us like very sensible counsel—at least in a quite different situation. And a most embarrassing one.

"Do not tell colleagues in the office where you are employed whom you met last night, what a fine time you had, or how late you got home." We (probably) misquote Branch Cabell; As for me, the Blue Bull said, one heifer is as good as another.

"Again: "While it is customary in Europe to sit at a man's right in a taxicab, it is perfectly proper for a woman to sit on a man's left in the United States." And just as satisfactory, good old ambidextrous American male!

"A man, meeting a woman acquaintance on a train, does not offer to pay for her ticket, nor her meal in the diner nor the magazine she buys. Nor does he offer to pay the porter who carries her bags." Well, gentlemen, as Professor Simpson would say, suppose we take a hypothetical case. Let us say that this woman is not an acquaintance at all. (Oh, goody.) You have never seen the wench before. (Ah, better!) Now as for paying the fare, in the case of Bean vs. Bean, the court ruled this out as being retroactive, and no soap. Now let us further assume that this pick-up of yours prefers to eat in her drawing-room, anyhow. (Bien! Marchon, marchon!) Further, that there aren't any magazines; that, in the name of sweet charity, who wants a magazine anyhow; and besides, she's got her shoes off. Now, at this point, be veree careful, boys, about taking the Congressional Limited. It splits at Harrisburg, you know, and you have to take care that, in the diligent pursuit of what every man should know, you don't forget and leave your luggage on the Washington section and wake up at Manhattan Transfer. You would then, in our opinion, be morally obliged to tip the porter for something—even for carrying baggage.

+

Speaking—as we were—of wearing shorts on Ocean avenue, we don't know that we had ever given any thought whatsoever to the modesty and decorum of automobile clothing. Not until that one on stilts got running about town with its differential in plain sight. Somehow, that looks awfully anatomical to us.

—LYNDA SARGENT

WHAT'S GOING ON IN

The Other Village

with a brilliant violinist, Isaac Stern.

Charles O'Connor gave an extraordinarily interesting program of Irish folk songs at the Century Club this week. It may be repeated—if so, I will give timely notice.

The great Philadelphia Orchestra will give four programs here. Two matinees, May 2 and 5, and two evenings, May 3 and 4. The last program, May 5, will be given at the Opera House, the others at the Civic Auditorium.

The San Francisco Light Opera Guild, which was accommodated with temporary quarters at the new Golden Bough Playhouse while the Golden Bough Players were being organized, now occupies its new home at 1827 Jones street. They will give "The Mikado", under the direction of Reginald Travers, at the Veterans' Auditorium on the evenings of May 5 and 6.

San Francisco, which has produced many a child prodigy in music, has put forth in the dance a veritable Trudi Schoop. A fifteen-year-old high school girl by name Carolyn Bender. Most kid comedians are very very sad, but here is a comer! Watch her progress the next three years. She was the high spot on the program of Grace Brough at the Golden Bough Playhouse last Monday evening.

Other dance recitals at the Golden Bough in the near future are those of George Pring, featuring Nancie Monteux, and the Betty Horst dancers, well known on the Monterey Peninsula. The Pring dance concert will occur on the evening of May 4, and the Horst recital on the evening of May 15.

At present the only play scheduled for the Curran Theatre is "Idiot's Delight," with Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. The engagement will play early in June.

The Federal Theatre offers a song and dance review at the Alcazar, entitled "Swing Parade." When one remembers the national and State theatres of Europe, one cannot resist a certain melancholy. Oh, well. —ARNOLD GENTHE

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Manual Work at Sunset Thrills This Mother

After gazing with fascinated admiration at the display of Sunset School pupils' work so nicely arranged in the lunch room this week, we know just what we want our son to make in manual training. We haven't inquired as to when he will reach the happy stage of being allowed to try his hand on one of those grand little combination table-and-bookshelves, but we hope it's soon. Whether this is technically to be called an "end table" or an "occasional table" we don't know—or is it only chairs that are occasional? Anyhow, the one we mean is sturdy, simple but graceful, and efficient, and we could use one like it to advantage. There was a lamp with a redwood base which would look very well, too, on that little table, and any number of unusual pottery ashtrays to give a finishing touch. If you aren't one of the lucky parents to whom these delightful examples of handcraft will belong we'd advise you to look them over just the same. Then you'll be primed for the future when your own offspring asks what you'd like him or her to make in manual training.

We'd love to discuss in detail all the other articles so skillfully and cleverly made, but the lavish display of doll beds, book ends, door-stops and so on would fill too much space.

As for the walls—well, you have to see them yourself and pick out what you like best in that riot of colorful drawings. You'll see more than one that will amaze you. Every year these specimens of Sunset School art fill us with almost incredulous admiration and we have to keep reminding ourselves that they really were all done by grammar school pupils. Inevitably we think back and compare them with our own youth when our most ambitious drawing lesson efforts began in the fall with a sprig of woodbine and ended in the spring with a bunch of pussywillows or iris! And even in four years of high school we never accomplished, or even attempted to accomplish, the creation of such strikingly decorative and competent works of art.

We also attended a fourth grade demonstration in which we learned more than a little about various countries of the world. Learned it from children who had gathered the facts themselves and themselves put them into talks. And as talks they were delivered, let me assure you, not as speeches lifted verbatim from books and recited without thought for the meaning. It was the third time we have heard members of this particular grade do this particular sort of school work—and how definitely they have improved since the first time! The same is undoubtedly true of all the other grades and we wish we could tell you about them, but you'll have to excuse us for going just to Mrs. Farley's room. You see, we have a special reason for being personally interested in her room. The Special Reason will be ten years old next Wednesday and he gave a talk on Australia he wanted us to hear.

—D. C.

+++

Mrs. Laura Chester of Berkeley and her daughter, Carroll, who often visit in Carmel, started out for a drive last Saturday and wound up in Carmel, so great is the attraction of this "enchanted circle." Sans toothbrush, they arrived at the home of Mrs. Myrtle Stoddard who put them up for the night.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

Among the interesting names given dogs for interesting reasons is the one Frieda Inescort (of stage and screen fame) gave her cocker-spaniel—"Eleven." Eleven was a gift to Miss Inescort, who in private life is Mrs. Ben Ray Redman, wife of the well-known literary critic, by Alice Brady on the Redmans' eleventh wedding anniversary. When this interesting couple were staying in Carmel a few days ago, Miss Inescort went for a walk on the beach where she met one of our better canine boosters who volunteered to show her around. She was as charmed with the little fellow as she was with the village.

+

Toby Steinbeck is happy to be near the sea again where he can indulge in his favorite pastime—pursuing sea-gulls. He is living with Ed Ricketts while his master, John Steinbeck ("Of Mice and Men") is in the East. Toby tells an amusing story about the time Covici, of Covici-Friede, the publishers, came out to visit his master. The New York papers ran an item that Covici was going to visit "John Steinbeck and his pack of hunting dogs" at Los Gatos. John read the item—and he and Toby spent the next two days scouring the Los Gatos hillsides for dogs to make up a "pack." There were dogs of every kind and color, but Mr. Steinbeck explained to Mr. Covici that we always used "mixed packs" out West.

+

Two of the most charming visitors in the village in a long time were Pinky Oppen and her beautiful little step-daughter, Mitzie, who were here with their master, George Oppen, father of Carmel's favorite columnist, Libby Ley. Mr. Oppen says his only claims to fame are his dachshunds and his daughter (a fact of which we are doubtful).

+

Another interesting visitor was Miss Binny Baker, who was here for a few days with her mistress, Mrs. Edna Baker of Palo Alto. Binny is the granddaughter of Flush, who played in the movie version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," and she bears a striking resemblance to her handsome grandparent.

+

Digger and Sunnyboy Collins may be seen any day jogging around Pebble Beach in a gay red donkey-cart with their master, Dick Collins. They persuaded Dick to give up roller-skating in favor of a pastime they could enjoy with less effort. Jimmy and Jeffina, a pair of somewhat fuzzy burros supply the "effort."

+

Chief Kneass has been staying with Lynda Sargent while his master, Bill Kneass, is away. Lynda has given him the very best guest room to sleep in. But Chief roams about all night, occasionally nudging Lynda with a cold, wet nose—almost saying, "I only have a palette at Bill's house, but I would rather be there than here on a down puff."

+

Peter and Puppet Flint have arrived at Pebble Beach with their mistress, Jerry Flint, for a visit of several months. The two, a Dalmatian and a Wire-hair, have a new little playmate, a Sealyham puppy, whom they whimsically call "Uncle."

Sonata Recital Planned For Lial Studio

The Monterey Peninsula will have the opportunity of hearing two of this country's outstanding artists in a Sonata Recital at Margaret Lial's Studio, Saturday, May 7.

Henri Deering, accomplished pianist, and Isaac Stern, youthful San Francisco violinist, whose inspired playing with the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra last Sunday won him the right to take his place among mature established artists of today, will undoubtedly attract a capacity house to the Studio.

The program will consist of Beethoven's C minor Sonata, opus 30 No. 2; the Sonata in D minor, opus 108, by Brahms; and the Strauss Sonata in E flat major, opus 18.

Henri Deering, a pupil of Artur Schnabel, has given several concerts in Carmel, the last at the Denny-Watrous Gallery in October, 1935. He has played as soloist with some of the greatest orchestras in the world, and his concert in San Francisco last Monday evening showed that he and young Stern are exceptionally sympathetic to each other's playing.

Stern studied under Naoum Blinder, concert master of the San Francisco Symphony orchestra, and made his debut with the symphony last year. With his recent concert in San Francisco critical salvoes took on major proportions. Alfred Frankenstein of the San Francisco Chronicle says: "The 16-year-old violinist took the bit between his teeth when he chose the broadest, most profound concerto in the literature of his instrument—that of Brahms. But he acquitted himself as brilliantly and nobly as the music requires, which is saying a very great deal."

Tickets for the concert are on sale at Lial's Music Store in Monterey. Because of the size of the hall you are advised to make reservations early.

+++

Robert Young, Hollywood actor, was in town last week. This is not the first time that he has walked our well laid paths for he once trod the boards at the Community Playhouse with the Moroni Olsen Players, a touring company which twice visited Carmel. Young played the juvenile in St. John Irvine's "The Ship," which the group put on here. Mr. and Mrs. Byron Foulger, who lived in Carmel about four years ago, were also with the Moroni Olsen group.

+

The first group dinner in the new Carmel fire house was held last night. Steve Patterson was host to members of the department.

+

Jacqueline Flanders, niece of Paul Flanders of Hatton Fields, has changed the date of her wedding

from June 24 to June 16. Jacqueline and her mother, Mrs. Edward A. Flanders, have just returned from a trip to Fort Riley, Kansas, where the prospective bridegroom, Lieut. William Whitfield Culp, is enrolled in the advanced equitation class. The marriage will be at Stanford Chapel and Mrs. William Perelli-Minetti will be matron of

honor. The bride-to-be and her mother stopped at Santa Fe and the Grand Canyon on their return trip.

+

"Tourist season has begun," groaned Ralph Castagna one day this week. "Three persons have asked the way to Aimee's cottage today."

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Redwood Panel By Carter Hung in Art Gallery

Dudley Carter has just completed a large redwood panel which is now in the Federal Art Gallery in the Seven Arts Court. The panel, which measures six by three feet and is carved in low relief from a single piece of redwood, has a slight curve in it indicating the outer curve of the tree from which it was taken.

The subject matter tells a story and we got the story from Ed Pettiford, handyman for the Federal Art Project. Ed says that the little fellow, the one that's running away, started out to chase the little bear, the one that's hiding behind his mama, and the little bear told the mama bear and the mama bear started after the little fellow. So then up comes the little fellow's papa with a spear and he starts after the mama bear, and there they all are.

Subject matter aside, Carter has a very fine feeling for design and his "mama bear" and the Indian figure with the poised spear, the "papa," are excellent in that respect. We feel that the sculptural quality is a bit lacking in that the forms are not as well rounded as they might be but the work as a whole is very satisfactory.

Carter's piece is now hung on the end wall of the gallery with the watercolor show which was reviewed in the last issue. Boundey hopes to be able to hang Remo Scardigli's six-foot Fisherman panel on the opposite wall to make a pleasant balance for the room. It is a great satisfaction to go into a room with art works as well hung as Boundey hangs them.

+++

Many Entries In For Del Monte Race Meet

The inaugural meet of the Monterey County Racing Association will be held at the Del Monte track May 31 and June 1, 3, 4 and 5, with pari-mutuel wagering and some of the leading horses from Santa Anita, Bay Meadows, and Tanforan competing for prize money.

In the steward's stand will be Judge Floyd McKenney, noted horse racing official, who presided at the last Del Monte meet in 1932.

Outstanding among the entries to date is *Don Roberto*, a four-year-old, owned by Mrs. William P. Roth, San Francisco sports woman. *Don Roberto* finished sixth in the Santa Anita handicap, defeating twelve of the best thoroughbreds in American training. Taking his dust were such stars as *Red Rain*, *Mr. Bones*, *Grand Manitou* and others.

Don Roberto will be pointed especially for the \$1,000 handicap which closes the Del Monte season June 5.

+++

WHAT TO DO IF YOU WANT A CAMP PERMIT

If you want to build a fire in any of the National Forests or want to camp overnight, you must go to one of the government or semi-public agencies. You can't get permits at your local sporting goods store any more.

On the Monterey Peninsula go to: California State Automobile Association in Monterey or Salinas; the Park Wardens at either Point Lobos or Big Sur; or the U. S. Forest Service at Big Sur. The State Division of Forestry in Carmel Valley will issue permits as soon as they are in full operation.

Forbes Watson, Treasury Art Project, Talks to Peninsula Artists

"Art that belongs to the People" was the subject of an illustrated talk given last Tuesday evening by Forbes Watson of the Treasury Art Project, before an enthusiastic group of artists and art-conscious people.

There has been a change in the position of the artist because of government activities. The artist now knows that he has work to do, not just a sickening realization that there is work which should be done. No work of art is really complete until it is hung in its rightful place and fulfills a need, a lack . . . makes its owner more whole by its possession. With the knowledge that a piece of art belongs to the public in a perfectly natural way, an added stimulus is given to the artist. And have you ever heard it said that possession mothers interest? Have you ever heard paintings and sculpture more widely discussed, except through artificial channels, than those done under government tutelage? "Museums and art galleries are too precious. One only dares to whisper and must never raise a critical eyebrow," says Watson. All this is changed in a Federal building. The critical public, by its ownership of the building and the mural or panel or picture displayed, may raise its voice in praise or condemnation if it so desires.

The goal of the founders of the Treasury Art Department is the development of the general public into firmer and more sympathetic art critics. Too many people now feel that the Department is trying to get their nanny by art work which they don't understand, (if they are intelligent enough to realize how much understanding has to do with art appreciation). On the contrary, the highest aim of the organization is to give understanding to the public of the place of art in everyday living.

The Section of Painting and Sculpture of the Treasury Department was founded on the skeleton of the Public Works of Art Project, December 8, 1933. Edward Bruce, the father of the organization, wished for a permanent Art Department in the federal set-up. The Treasury Department was selected because there, since the time of Washington, has been the Department of Architecture, which was begun to pass and work on the architectural designs for federal buildings. In placing this new department along with its elder brother, he accomplished the wish of the artist throughout the ages, to have a suitable placement of his work.

At first the architects did not catch on to the idea but now they are designing buildings with the idea of using certain spaces for murals and sculpture and thereby making a completed whole of the building. The second problem which Mr. Bruce handled most ably was the keeping of politics out of painting. The first two buildings to be decorated were done by appointment by a committee of 21 men just to get the thing started. Since then all buildings have been assigned by competitions in which all entrants

submit unsigned models or sketches. This is a healthy attack on the star system. Appointments are made to lesser jobs by a careful selection of the better designs not chosen for the major commissions, and only those who have submitted in a competition may receive an appointment.

In the illustrated part of the lecture work with horses. The subject matter of the murals ranges from social problems and historical motifs to reproductions of early town life, but all of them are the artist's own interpretation, not worked out under the restraining hand of a national academy which ture, Watson traced the development of mural painting in public buildings. The first was a fresco done in 1852 in the Italian manner. Then with La Farge and Hunt we went into the French School, followed by a classic, idealistic, neo- and classic type of mural. The first industrial mural was done 37 years ago by Marsh, showing the construction of the Grand Central Station, and it is interesting to note that the first fresco under the T.R.A.P. was done by Reginald Marsh, his son. The slides which followed showed work of Henry Varnum Poor, George Biddle, Leon Kroll, and several artists who were virtually unknown before their sketches won competitions, such as Tom Lea of El Paso, Texas, and Frank Mechau, who has done some interdictates every brush stroke. The most successful of the modern paintings seem to be those which are out of the artist's own intimate experience in the world in which he lives.

The success of the whole project, says Watson, depends on the public demanding the best and the artist being proud enough to give only his best. Under these conditions the American public will not only become art-conscious but art in America will become a part of every-day living and therefore necessary to life itself.

Bernard Roubberg, State Supervisor of the California T.R.A.P., was called upon to say a few words at the close of the lecture and urged the artists present to submit to some of the national and state competitions. The bulletins of these competitions may be had by sending a card to the Treasury Art Department, Department of Painting and Sculpture, Procurement Division, Washington, D. C. —L. S.

+++

STEINBECK RE-WRITING LATEST BOOK FOR PLAY

A post card from John and Carol Steinbeck, postmarked New York, N.Y., which means that the gallant bark S.S. Sagebrush, got them there all right. As a matter of fact they landed at Philadelphia and couldn't wait to catch the train for the bright lights and make arrangements for their trip across the Atlantic. John is re-writing his latest best seller, "Of Mice and Men," into play form. It will be produced in New York on his return to this country. This is Carol's first trip to New York so won't they paint the town red!

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Tulips and People Happy, Says Pat

"Volendam, Holland.

It is a great sight here this time of year. Tulips cover the country side and people seem happy. Pat."

This is the Hudginees, saying a whole lot on a post card. We know, because we have many times gone, of an April Sunday, to see the hyacinths and the tulips in bloom. The sight is truly incredible, and surely indescribable, as many of you can testify. And, along with Pat and us, you may have been just as impressed at the obvious simple happiness of the people. It has been six years since we have seen it, but even then, in the 1930s, all the boys and girls were out on bicycles to see and gather the flowers. Of course, you know that the blooms are picked and thrown away for the sake of the maturing bulb. So that, on Sunday evening, tracking back to Amsterdam, if you are a philistine and drive a car, you must creep along amongst thousands of bicycles, decked fore and aft with great bunches of bloom. And the people seem happy. Laughter and song and banter. And they have a neat trick—these young men and women—of putting their arms around each other from one bike to another and occasionally kissing—an international relationship—without so much as a swiffer of a wheel. That wasn't you on the road to the Pinnacles the other day, was it, Dave? On your bike, with your arm around a girl and a smile of simple happiness? And a bunch of lupin tied aft?

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ALFRED LANDON IS STILL IN RACE, NO GOAL YET

We have another apology to make (see White Caps) and this one is about our cat, Alfred Landon, whose interesting condition was reported in these columns some weeks ago. Since that time we have had innumerable inquiries as to how many and when and we are ashamed that we can not answer. Alfred, like the *Literary Digest* Poll, is unpredictable. From the amount of food which she constantly demands these days, we think she is feeding an army, but we guess that even the Republicans get hungry sometimes.

At present she is being harassed by a cross-eyed yellow cat whom we can think of as none other than Jim Farley. Anyway we promise to let you, our dear public, know just as soon and how many. —V. S.

Along with our letter from Edward Kuster (Arnold Genthe), came a list of the Carmel people who are on the advisory board of the Golden Bough Guild in San Francisco of which Kuster is the Producing Director. We note the names of Countess Alessandro Dandini, Martin Flavin, Robinson Jeffers, and Noel Sullivan.

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The Carmel Cymbal

Carmel Project Will Observe Music Week

Federal Music Projects throughout the country are making their contributions to National Music Week, May 2 to 9.

The local Music Project under Dene Denny is to present several concerts during the week beginning with a May Day program tomorrow afternoon at Lover's Point in Pacific Grove. This program will be given in conjunction with the Pacific Grove Recreation Project and the concert will begin at 1:30, just after the May Pole dance.

Tuesday, May 4, the Music Project will give a special program for the CCC boys at Camp Ord and another for the 10 o'clock student Assembly Wednesday morning at the Monterey Union High School.

The climax of the week will be a Symphony concert Thursday evening at 8:15 o'clock at the Walter Colton School in Monterey. The concert orchestra is to be under the baton of Bernard Callery in a program including the Haydn Symphony in D, a cello solo with orchestra accompaniment by Goltermann, to be played by Mary Tweed, and several novelties, among them Percy Grainger's "Spoon River."

Music week, and the activities of the local Federal Music Project in particular, offer a fine opportunity for the Monterey Peninsula to show its appreciation and interest in the work now being done.

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SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

Sunset School track team came in third with a score of 17½ points in the Grammar School track meet at the Monterey Union High School athletic field last Saturday. Pacific Grove won the meet with 95½ points and Walter Colton was second with 50 points. Robert Gariglio was presented with a bronze medal for being high-point man in his class.

Today is the last day that parents may come to see the different classrooms and the work which they have prepared for Public School Week. Many who have already visited the classes will want to come again and it is hoped that no one will miss the chance to see the fine things which are being done at Sunset School.

There will be a student body meeting at 11:20 o'clock today at which time the athletic awards will be presented to quite a few lucky and worthy students that we know. Sorry we can't tell because it's all a surprise.

All the eighth graders passed their U.S. Constitution tests which are a requirement for graduation.

Jimmy Kelsey has been commended for his practical interest in the school library, and his initiative. At the end of certain sections of shelving, books are hidden by the extension of the woodwork. Jimmy observed this and offered to cut blocks of wood to fit the space. Although Miss Carwile had thought to have Mr. Calley do this in the shop, Jimmy's initiative made this unnecessary. Good work, Jimmy!

Pupils in Mrs. Edna C. Lockwood's low second and high third grades have been entertained and stimulated in their study of foreign lands by the talks given the class by older children who have lived or visited outside the United States. Gerry Shepard from the eighth grade spoke on Mexico; Sean Flavin, a seventh grader, on Switzerland; Edgar Hoffman, who is in the high third, described his visit to Germany; and Ester Van Niel told about her trip to Holland. Ester is in the fourth grade. Each of the children brought something to show from the different countries. The final talk will be by Maeve Greenan on the Philippines where she lived at one time, and Maeve will bring some native dolls.

Author James Hopper has just been experiencing the Inferno at Dante Hospital in San Francisco. An old football injury is being ironed out, with Hopper strung up with yards of rope and plenty of weights, half suspended between Heaven and Earth. Now don't get the idea Jimmy gave in without a battle. The doctors chloroformed him first and while he was out played their dirty tricks on him. Now he wishes it had happened in Carmel, where friends have time to stop and talk.

What with all this getting away from it all, going to far islands, the South Seas, somewhat out of fashion at last, a few hardy souls are looking about for new worlds to conquer, seeking nature in its rawest to do battle with the elements and make a new frontier. The trek is on to Alaska again, with some interested in mining, some fishing, some homesteading, but, in spite of the Administration's efforts; little or no farming. The younger generation is getting harder to fool.

We are to lose our Myron Brining. This clever young author, ("The Sisters"), is on his way to

POET & PEASANT

by FRANCIS L. LLOYD

The other day I decided to leave Carmel for a while. No sooner had the decision become final, than I was overcome with a strange homesickness. This time nostalgia did not wait for the going, but descended upon me at once.

I wondered why nostalgia for Carmel is different. It is, and of that I am certain. Now I think I know. It has something to do with the softly heavy air, the slight warmth and chill in the air, the quiet that refuses to be completely broken. There is something brought in from the sea and softened by the contacts of land, scented by an almost undetectable breath from the pines.

Whether the sky is blue or overcast by high fog; whether the breezes are blowing or the air still as at noon; whether the pines are shooting upwards full of spring sap, or aged-looking with the dust of summer and fall; whether the birds are singing at daybreak, or only quail rustle the brush in the afternoon; whether the surf is pounding or only creamy wavelets rise toward the beach; whether—well, it's always Carmel.

Only I cry for the horse and buggy days, the real days. Somehow, with the help of numerous "cranks" and outstanding heroes like Perry Newberry, who championed the status quo with regard to Carmel's beauty and lack of urban development, we have kept a great deal of that strange quality which means just what Carmel means to those who have lived here longest. Right now I would say to those who fail to feel in tune with what we have here, who don't like pine trees, who want to build a swimming pool or pier at the beach, who want to pave all the streets and light them, plaster all the old houses, establish a smart building code, trim all the cypresses and cut down the eucalyptus trees—get out of here. Go where you can find these things elsewhere. Stay away from my door.

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We are to lose our Myron Brining. This clever young author, ("The Sisters"), is on his way to

Hollywood shortly, and will, he says, spend the summer at Laguna, with later perhaps a trip to China. "Do you know anyone in China?" he asks. He looks so helpless as he contemplates a trip to China. Can't we organize a tour to China, an expedition, so Myron won't be lonesome there?

+

Last night I saw a fishing boat, bound up the coast as hundreds are each year, pass the Cypress Point buoy and then, caught by two great waves, vanish in a smother of foam. Thank goodness, it was only a dream.

That yellow peril once more raises its ugly head, what with Chinese women going in for quintuplets. However, evolution has so arranged it that we need not fear too many of these multiple births in our midst. Nature long ago found it was best for the human race to perpetuate itself slowly, one or two at a time, and gave up quantity for quality.

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Can't you see by the foregoing paragraph that I am a candidate already for the late Mr. Brisbane's professorial chair with Mr. Hearst's institute of instruction? May I add, vote the American way for all you can get.

Aren't fresh foods best? Must we go freezing oranges, which are in season longer and available fresh through more of the year than any other fruit, except the ubiquitous banana which is not a fruit but a vegetable? Must we freeze artichokes so as to help that nice bunch of gentlemen in New York to make more out of their strong-arm business? I ask you.

+

A young woman breaks jail at Tehachapi and makes a "squib" for the newspapers to fill in with at the foot of a column. Wonder how jail life is for women, knowing what it is for men. I'd be pretty violent, or something, before I'd be subjected to some of San Quentin's pleasant (?) pastimes.

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Notice that at last Mr. Griffin, of the *Herald*, has taken notice of our wildflowers. Usually he is so busy settling the affairs of Europe or that business up at Stockton, that his column has little space to devote to the local flora.

+

O curses on all columns that fail to stop before they get to be this long.

+

HOWE PUPILS PRESENT PIANO RECITAL AT STUDIO

Piano pupils of Mrs. Katherine MacFarland Howe and Winifred Howe presented a joint recital at Mrs. Howe's studio, "Pine Boughs," last Saturday afternoon. Taking part in the program were June Kocher, Charis Johns, Doris and Donna Turner, Joan Dekker, Alan Cobbe, Monty Stearns, Bill and Margo Coffin, Margaret Collin, Jane and Ann Millis, Margery Street, Charlotte and Honey Townsend, Beverly Douglas, and Patsy Shepherd.

Has anyone ever heard of Olympia, Washington? Well, yes, we know that it's the State capital, but did you know that they are going to have two and a half acres of murals in the new capitol buildings there. No? Well, they are. Bruce Inverarity is the state director of Federal Art Projects there and his boys are going to do it.

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Personalities & Personals

Margaret Mathewson of San Jose was in Carmel last week-end as a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Gates.

Dear Greyhound Bus Company: A very important member of the group called "Carmel's own" is leaving New York tomorrow on her way home on one of your busses. We want you to take especial care of her and particularly do not slam any windows on her fingers as we are very anxious to hear this lady play the piano for us when she arrives here. Her name is Anne Greene, and we hope she is as anxious to come home as we are to have her.

Mrs. Clyde Glover, whose home is on Camino Del Monte and Castro, will have a house guest, Mrs. Mary E. Espy, of Long Beach, for several months.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Downs are entertaining guests at their home on Monte Verde and Third. Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Burchard and Mrs. Downs' sister, Mrs. Frank Mulkey, of Wisconsin, will gather around the Downs' family table this evening. Mrs. Mulkey will stay throughout the summer.

An informal tea in her new home in the Walker tract was given by Mrs. Eric Van Zandt last Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Margaret Heebner presided over one end of the tea table and among the guests who called were Mrs. Millard Klein, Mrs. Arthur Strasburger, Mrs. Eugene A. H. Watson, Mrs. J. A. Dienelt, Mrs. Francis Cottle Johnson, Mrs. Frances Farley, Mrs. Ruth Flynn and Madeline Curry.

Donald Lewis had a housewarming party over last week-end at his new home in Carmel. His guests were Dr. and Mrs. David Armstrong Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. Nion Tucker, Mrs. George Garrett, Mrs. Robert Hay Smith, Helen Garrett, Orel Goldaracena, William Wobber and Templeton Veach.

Mrs. Vera Peck Millis and her guest from San Francisco, Mrs. J.

Richardson Lucas, left yesterday for a trip to Santa Barbara and Los Angeles. They plan to return by the "wildflower route" after a short stay in the south. Mrs. Lucas has been a guest at the Millis home since last Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Porter of Pasadena have just bought the old Robert Hunter place in Pebble Beach. They are making alterations and additions and plan to spend their summers here.

Mrs. William Vom Rath, who has been spending the winter at Del Monte Lodge, is answering the call of an Eastern spring and will return to her home in Long Island next week.

Rhoda Johnson is entertaining or, as she puts it, letting her niece entertain herself this week-end. The niece, Mary Louise Johnson, was brought to Carmel by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gail Borden Johnson, of San Mateo.

Dorothy Ledyard, of Peter Pan Lodge, and her friend, Lina Franz, of Ventura, sail today for a three or four months' tour of the European continent. They plan to spend some time in Austria and Switzerland. Sailing from San Francisco they will take 35 days to go to Genoa via the Panama Canal and will return home by way of New York.

Mrs. Elizabeth Schlott of Ephrata, Pennsylvania, was the honoree of a farewell party given by her daughter, Mrs. D. H. Anderson, and son-in-law, Dr. Anderson. Mrs. Schlott has been visiting at the Anderson home on Carmel Point for the past six months.

Guests for the evening were Mr. and Mrs. John Albee, Mr. and Mrs. Otto Bade, Mr. and Mrs. Jack Heron, Dr. and Mrs. W. B. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. William Brown. Mrs. Margaret Grant, Borghild Janson, Judy Todd; Mrs. T. De Rome, Bertha and Ellen Kleinschmidt and Harrison Kleinschmidt.

Hawaii has called another of our Monterey Peninsulans. Palmer T. Beaudette of the Monterey Country Club sailed last Saturday from San Francisco to be gone a month.

Mrs. Fenton Grigsby, director of Forest Hill School, is bringing her sister, Mrs. Nellie G. Leyman of Portland, to Carmel for an indefinite stay when she returns to Car-

The Carmel Cymbal

mel early next month. Mrs. Grigsby has been visiting in Portland.

Eunice Gray of Carmel and Adeline Gray of Palo Alto are driving to Wisconsin. They will be gone about six months.

Mrs. Stuart Montmorency of Carmel has returned from a visit with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Richard of Visalia. Deciding to follow the old custom of "you come home with me now that I have been at your house," the Richards are now in Carmel for a few days.

Captain Eugene Blake, who has lived in Carmel for the last two years, left this week for his home on the Oregon coast.

George Hedley, who in intervals between doing verse and book reviews for the Chronicle is director of the Western Summer School for Workers in Berkeley, dropped in at THE CYMBAL office yesterday in hopes of gaining experience in proof-reading.

SYBIL FINDS THEY WANT 'EM TOUCHED UP A BIT

We stumbled into Sybil Amikeyev's studio the other day and discovered her in a state of asphyxiation and slight strangulation resulting from a renunciation of former ideas of photography. After four years of trying to perfect herself in the most difficult art of straight portrait photography (which is the hardest kind, and we think she has had some splendid results) Sybil has decided that she needs to know something about touching up a portrait . . . you know the prettier you make them the more they want

to pay. "Why should I pay to see myself as I am in the looking glass every day—yet." Anyway, our dauntless heroine found out that there were lots of things you could do in making a print or "manipulating a print" as these photographers call it, and armed with a thin lavender chiffon scarf and a package of cigarettes she set to work.

Sounds sort of like a combination of Carmen and the Dance of the Seven Veils but it doesn't work that way.

What we saw of it went like this. You get in a small room with lots of wires and pans of water and gadgets all around and then you turn off the light and everything is dark. Another light goes on somewhere and there is a piece of paper under it and down there on the floor is Sybil blowing smoke like mad for about a minute or so (maybe more and maybe less). Pretty soon Sybil turns off that light and gasping and choking like a fish out of water she drags the piece of paper over to one of the pans of water and dunks it for a long time. She goes through the same process all over again, only this time she uses two layers of the chiffon scarf instead of the smoke screen.

Sybil says she hopes this new process will make her enough money to pay for the funeral she is going to

need pretty soon if she keeps it up.

The Tehachapi Pass road between Bakersfield and Mojave is in fair to good condition, reports the Bakersfield office of the National Automobile Club. There are several rough sections where the roadbed is sinking. This condition will prevail until the State Highway Maintenance Division can improve the road.



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